

SHADOWS OF LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF A CITY

AS SEEN BY A SALT LAKE WOMAN

ROSES have their thorns—joy their sorrows. We read of an optimist who cries: "Instead of complaining that roses have thorns, I rejoice that thorns have roses." Likewise, that sorrows have joys.

A little girl of our town lay very ill in the hospital, one day. Following a surgical operation, she writhed in fearful agony for a time, but as she became quiet and easy, she smiled and said: "Mamma, I'm afraid of the pain, now it's going—I'm so happy."

"Every part of the earth has been given its glory of roses," said a young Salt Lake, now seeking his fortune in the unfortunate coast city, once a wealth of vine and bloom. But now, like a faded rose, it is but a memory of splendor, writes: "There is not a single block in the burned district that is yet built up, notwithstanding the immense structures going up like mushrooms. The streets are more or less obstructed by debris, building material, etc. Everywhere is the incessant noise of hoisting engines, hammers, and the pounding on steel beams. Everywhere are shoes in dust and mud. Conditions here are most chaotic. Telephone operators, street car men, iron workers, and laundry men, all off on strikes, and riots and disturbances make up the day. Yet it is worth working a full day, after all, if for nothing else but to feel that every evening comes, one can turn his back on it, cross the bay, and enter Berkeley, quiet, clean, beautiful, now in all her glory of roses. San Francisco has the thorns, Berkeley, the roses."

There are some beautiful rose legends given in a high class magazine, for June. One of them, as to how roses received their thorns, is especially interesting:

"The North American Indians of the western coast have a tradition that roses were created by the gods. So tall and fair they grew that all creatures were attracted by their beauty and grace. Animals that browse upon grass and grain herbivores soon discovered the tender sweetness of the roses' abundant foliage, and then every rose tree holding its flowers aloft but attracted attention and drew destruction to itself. Every part of the earth had been given its glory of roses, but in every place there were animals which sought the bushes to devour them, and the tribes of roses were in danger of becoming extinct. In their extremity, they held a council; for in that far-away morning of the world, plants as well as animals had power to speak. To the council all the roses came, and each had a tale to tell of suffering and disaster. At length it was decided to send for help to the god-man of the tribes, the Hiawatha of the west. Delegates were chosen from among those who were maimed and torn and had suffered most. Others also were sent who were tall and fair and graceful. Wisely this council discerned that should justice be denied the tribes, beauty might prevail in their cause. The conference was long and grave. At its close an armory of thorns was given to every rose, and thus were the tribes of roses delivered from their enemies."

"We are told again, 'in the beginning roses were created thornless. They were meant to delight with their beauty, to exhilarate with their fragrance, and to soothe with the softness of their touch. But as man left his pure estate, the roses gradually developed thorns.'"

Out of man's leaving his pure estate, as we know, came sorrow; and out of that sorrow, again joy, in the coming of the Master."

Once upon a time in this city, flourished a beautiful rose garden in the rear of a quaint old home. For all we know, it may flourish yet. We doubt it, however, as a new modern house now takes the place of the old home. But that is neither here nor there, as it is a neat little love-story connected with the rose garden of which we wish to speak.

One morning, a young man, whom we will call Ned, was walking around the circular rose-hidden paths, with impatience in his step, and a frown upon his face. He was in a bit of a rage.

"Ours yesterday," he murmured, as he paused, "and this very seat—but, pshaw!—that was yesterday. Today will not be rose-colored," grimly, and he snapped off a rose with his teeth. At this point, a young girl, whom we will call Rosemond, gowned in white, of course, entered upon the scene, and Ned colored slightly, seeing with wonder in the eyes before him, but he said nothing. "Do my roses offend?" said Rosemond, archly.

"Good morning, Miss Rosemond," said Ned, cordially. "And why, 'Miss?' with mock gravity. 'But, there, I did not mean to keep you waiting. Please don't look so serious, Ned.'"

"This is a serious moment, and not one for merriment, as you seem to take it. I demand an explanation."

"An explanation?"

"That is what I said, isn't it? Yesterday, you certainly encouraged me in believing that we were as good as—"

"As what?" Rosemond was the color of the roses, and had Ned not been blind with fury, he would have quickly seen there was no need for an explanation.

"Oh nothing," sternly. "That was yesterday. Today, you are engaged to Ben."

"Engaged to Ben?" gasped Rosemond, beginning to look serious herself.

"No wonder you asked me to wait," gurgled Ned.

"But how did you learn this?" indignantly.

"Oh, you do not deny it, then? Perhaps you will explain."

"I will explain nothing till you tell me how you learned this."

"Oh, quite by accident, of course. I only overheard Ben's sister telling Cousin Kate, this morning, that he was with you last evening, and that soon she would hear of an interesting announcement. On my way here, I met Ben; no wonder he avoided me."

"Yes, Ben was here last evening," said Rosemond, beginning to look anything but serious. "Now, you know what Ben and I have always been to each other, so therefore—"

"There is nothing more to explain," Ned interrupted, rudely.

But Rosemond, her face now, the deepest rose, continued quietly:

"When he asked me to marry him last night, it was only natural that I should—"

"Accept him!" scornfully.

"—tell him I am going to accept you."

Oh, Jacqueminot!

I love thee so—

My heart's unrest thou'rt hushing!

Yet tell me why

Thou art so shy;

Confess thy tell-tale blushing.

And Jacqueminot!

Breathed soft and low—

The while my poor heart crushing—

"Aurora, she

Has just kissed me.

And that is why I'm blushing."

LADY RABBIT.



ANOTHER "UNWRITTEN LAW" TRIAL

Judge W. G. Loving of Lovington, Va., when brought to trial for the murder of Theodore Estes, will make no plea save that of justification. Judge Loving, who is a member of one of the most respected families in his native state, charges that young Estes took Miss Lizzie Loving, the 18-year-old daughter of the judge, for a drive, and that he drugged and outraged her. Counsel for the defendant will be "Jack" Lee of Lynchburg, who successfully defended the Strother brothers, tried for a similar crime.

Three Trolley in Japan.

It is stated in a report presented by the American consul at Nagasaki that the early construction of three electric trolleyways in the northern portion of the Japanese island of Kyushu is under consideration. The first to be built, from Moji to Kokura, a distance of eight miles, is estimated to cost \$70,000; the second from Moji to Yawata, 12 miles in length, \$100,000; and the third, one of 23 miles, between the important towns of Fukuoka and Kokura at an estimated cost of \$250,000. —Engineer.

NEXT WEEK IN HISTORY.

JUNE 9.

1792—John Howard, Payne, dramatist and author of "Home, Sweet Home," born in New York City; died 1822.
1811—Sara Payson Willis, later Eldridge and finally Parton, born in Portsmouth, N. H.; died 1872. Known as Fanny Fern. Mrs. Eldridge-Parton was the sister of N. P. Willis, the poet. Besides her sketches, two novels and several books for children represent her published works.
1870—Charles Dickens, novelist, died at Gadshill, in Kent; born in Portsmouth 1812.
1893—Disaster at Ford's old opera house, Washington, where Lincoln was assassinated.
1902—Celebration at West Point commemorating the centenary of the National Military academy.

JUNE 10.

1652—The first mint in America began to coin. Colonial coinage began in Massachusetts. The first coins were of three denominations—12 pence, 6 pence and 3 pence. The inscription on one side was N. E. and on the other was MASSACHUSETTS. The coins were placed on one side, with a tree in the center, and the words New England on the reverse, with the date of the year.
1801—The United States entered on a war with Tripoli. Tripoli instituted the war on May 19, 1801, by cutting down the flagstaff of the American consulate.
1898—Colonel R. W. Huntington landed a force of 600 marines at Guantanamo bay and hoisted the stars and stripes on Cuban soil.
1901—Walter Besant, noted English novelist, died in London; born 1836. Robert Buchanan, English poet, novelist and dramatist, died in London; born 1841.
1906—Mary Putnam Jacobi, noted woman physician, died in New York; born 1832.

JUNE 11.

1294—Roger Bacon, scholar, alchemist and liberal writer, died at Oxford; born 1214. Bacon was educated at Oxford and at Paris. He took the vows of the Franciscan order at

JUNE 12.

Oxford. Being profoundly learned in philosophy, metaphysics and science, with great skill in mechanics, he was suspected of dealing in magic. He was confined in prison 19 years for certain of his writings.
1776—The Continental congress named the committee of five to draft the Declaration of Independence.
1847—Sir John Franklin, naval officer and Arctic explorer, died in the Arctic regions; born 1786.
1900—International forces attacked Tientsin, China, Japan's former viceroy of the region at Peking. Killed by the Boxers.
1903—King Alexander, Queen Draga and the Serbian cabinet assassinated at Belgrade by four revolutionaries. Prince Peter Karageorgevitch proclaimed king.
1904—Abner McKimley, brother of the late president, died at Somerset, Pa.; born 1844.

JUNE 13.

1786—Winfield Scott, general, born near Petersburgh, Va.; died 1866.
1796—Thomas Arnold of Rugby school, father of Matthew, born at Cowes, Isle of Wight; died 1842. Thomas Arnold began life as a private tutor, but was soon ordained as a priest and appointed head master of the Rugby school. His own example and the high sense of duty inculcated among students raised the fame of the school. Arnold published a history of Rome and at the time of his death was delivering his introductory course of lectures as professor of modern history, Oxford university.
1895—Senor Lorilla, a noted Spanish re-

JUNE 14.

1845—Battle of Newby.
1777—First form of American flag decreed by Congress. The resolution read "That the flag of the 13 United States be 13 stripes, alternate red and white; that the Union be 13 stars, white in a blue field representing a new constellation." This is the first recorded legislation for the adoption of a national flag. The resolution was not promulgated officially until Sept. 2. The first flag made as prescribed is believed to have been unfurled on the Ranger by Paul Jones, who was appointed the day the resolution passed. The flag of 1777 remained as adopted until 1794, when two additional stripes and one star were placed in for Vermont and Kentucky.
1800—Battle of Marengo.
1811—Harriet Beecher (Stowe) born at Litchfield, Conn.; died 1896.
1888—Mary N. Prescott, author, died near Newburyport; born in Calais, Me., 1819.
1906—The house of representatives voted a lock canal, 110 to 36. Jewish massacres at Bialystok, Russia.

JUNE 15.

1752—Franklin drew electricity from the clouds. Franklin's discovery of the identity of lightning with electric fluid was due to long and patient study of the subject. He projected lightning rods first and to prove his theory sent a kite into the clouds. Other scientists, acting on Franklin's data and instructions, had obtained electrical sparks from tall iron rods and elevated Leyden jars. His lightning rod was put to the test a year later.
1775—George Washington took command of the American army.
1849—James Knox Polk, eleventh president, died at Nashville; born 1795.
1871—Commodore Josiah Tattnall, prominent Confederate naval officer, died at Savannah; born 1796.
1901—Gen. Max Weber, a prominent German veteran of the Civil war, died in New York city; born 1824.
1906—Robert B. Roosevelt, uncle of the president and a well known lawyer, author and politician, died in New York city; born 1830.

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That is the story in a few short paragraphs and we secured the plums.

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